Maps and Coins

Story: Maps and Coins
Storylink: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/11305619/1/
Category: Fire Emblem
Genre: Romance/Humor
Author: Wizarboy360
Authorlink: https://www.fanfiction.net/u/4594677/
Last updated: 10/03/2015
Words: 6477
Rating: T
Status: In Progress
Content: Chapter 1 to 5 of 5 chapters
Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: Robin is a straightforward, rule following strategist that loves to learn. Anna is a whimsical, quirky shopkeeper that loves money. When these two mix, will a friendship blossom? And maybe more?

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

Hello, loyal readers. This is mainly a Fire Emblem Robin x Anna fanfic. Please R&R, but do go easy on me, this is my first time doing romance.

Also, I based all of these pairings off of my game.

Disclaimer: I do not own any Fire Emblem games. (Well, not legally.)

The candles burnt out slowly, the wax slowly dripping to the bottom as the main part of the candle melted. Drip. Drip. Dri-

Robin snuffed out the candle. "I've had just about enough of *that*, thank you very much," he muttered to himself, placing the candle onto his bedside table. "Besides, I won't be able to do much else at this hour."

The white-haired tactician flopped down on his bed, not bothering to change clothes. Just as he was about to fall asleep, though, he heard something.

Footfalls.

The clanking of armor, the overheard curse, the sound of tobacco being spat onto the ground, yep. These were bandits alright.

Robin sighed, getting out of bed and reaching for his tomes. "There goes my night-" Robin stopped short when he heard something troubling from outside his tent.

"C'mon lads, after her!"

Anna ducked into an abandoned fort and slammed the door shut behind her. *Geez, this Vincent guy is crazy! Wait, was it Vincent of Vincent?*

She stopped wondering when an axe blade appeared in the door, just by her head.

The merchant jumped away from the doors just as they blew apart. The dark mage who cast the spell smiled and gave a bow. Anna's eye twitched. *Arrogant jacka-*

She leapt back in surprise when a jet of flames came out of nowhere and consumed the mage. A, white haired young man wearing a heavy dark cloak beside a sapphire-haired man with a long cape behind him came running up to her. "Are you alright?" The man with the white hair asked. "I'm Robin, and this is Chrom. We're here to help."

"Hey there, handsome! Am I being rescued?" Robin inwardly cringed when he realized she was talking to Chrom, not him.

"I'll distract their leader," Robin said, turning and dashing towards the man in bone armor. The bald man snarled, shouting;

"I will avenge my brother! Prepare for death foul-" The man was cut off by four tendrils of lightning striking him in the chest.

"Checkmate," Robin said quietly, standing over the still body in front of him before turning to join the others. Just before he jogged away, though, there was a whistling noise, like something moving fast through air-

Robin raised his arm just in time to block the axe blow. The berserker had stood up, snarling. Robin gasped in pain, blood pooling from his left arm. "Rexcalibur!" The tactician shouted, a burst of wind blowing from his outstretched arms. Both men flew backwards. Robin landed against something, which landed against the ground with an "Ow, watch it!" Robin rolled to the side and propped himself up to see the woman, Anna, from before scowling at him. She opened her mouth, as if she was about to criticize him, when Vincents tomahawk buried itself in the ground, just between them.

Robin nodded to Anna, who nodded back, then took off, sprinting towards the armor-clad warrior before him. Just as he reached him, though, Robin spun around him, swinging his sword at the back of Vincent's neck, while Anna slashed at the top of his head. There was a series of sickening noises, and then Vincent laid still. His head didn't, though.

The tactician jumped away from the rolling, scarlet mass, only to bump into the Anna's colorful clothing. "Sheesh," Anna said, rolling her eyes, "You'd've thought someone like you would have gotten used to that kind of stuff."

Robin shivered, looking at the dismembered appendage one last time, before replying, "Who could get used to that

stuff?" Anna shrugged.

"Ah, well. Nice to meet you, Robin."

Robin furrowed his eyebrows. "Wait, what?" (**A/N: Remember, this is when they thought they had already met this Anna.)**

"...You have, how many sisters?" Anna giggled and Robin's silly expression.

"Lost count," Robin rubbed the bridge of his nose.

"That's got to get confusing. Anyways, on to more important matters!" Robin clapped his hands together. "I'll talk to Chrom about it later, but as this armies official tactician, I'd like to invite you to join us. You have a place here, Anna."

Anna tapped her finger to her chin for a few moments, then nodded. "I can't just leave you guys if you helped, two Anna's, can I?"

A grin spread across Robins face. "Great! I'll talk to Chrom, right away!" Robin got up and started walking in Chrom's direction, but stopped, and turned around. "Trust me Anna," the tactician smiled. "You're going to love it here."

Sorry, that was a little messy, since I had to work with the games actual script, but trust me, it will get better.

Please R&R!

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Holy cow! In one day, this story got over one hundred views! Thank you all for reading! Please review!

Anna had met some interesting people in her days, heck, she had so many identical sisters, that she can't even remember them all! But the shepherds was easily the strangest group of people she had ever met.

"And here," Robin said, "Is the mess tent. We all take turns cooking."

A man with blond, wild hair stumbled out, clutching his stomach. "Save... Yourselves!" he coughed, before collapsing.

Robin sighed. "Vaike. Vaike, get up. Sully's cooking is not that bad."

"Why don't you try some, wise guy?!" A red-haired woman stormed out of the tent, holding a bowl of... Good gods, what *was* that? Anna covered her mouth with her hand, feeling sick after just *looking* at the grey mush.

Robin's face went paler than his hair. "I, uh can't," he stuttered. "I have to finish showing the new recruit around. Bye Cordelia!" he grabbed Anna's hand and bolted before anyone could protest.

"What was *that* about?" Anna said once they had gotten a good distance from the mess tent.

Robin shivered. "That stuff is horrible."

Anna rolled her eyes. "What's the matter? Is the big bad tactician scared of a little bad cooking?"

Robin blushed, but before he could say anything, there was a sharp, "Robin!" and they both turned to see a tall, golden-haired woman wearing expensive clothes with a rather large and colorful stain on them marching towards the pair. At her heels was a short, blond haired girl, crossing her arms and pouting.

The woman reached them first, saying, "This little *brat* spilled fruit juice on my clothing! You simply *have* to discipline her!"

The little girl gave small growl. "It was an accident! She's just being mean, and calling names!"

Robin sighed, digging into his coat pockets. He retrieved a small pouch, a roll of paper and a quill. He gave the pouch to the woman, and the paper and quill to the girl. "Maribelle, that should be enough to pay for your clothes. Nowi, I expect a written apology to Maribelle by the end of the day."

The girl, Nowi, took the writing utensils and began to scrawl words on it right away. Maribelle, on the other hand immediately embraced Robin, whose face turned scarlet with embarrassment. "Oh Robin, thank you so very much!" Nowi, who was laying on her stomach, rolled her eyes and made a gagging face. Anna covered her mouth to keep herself from laughing.

"Well then," Robin said, tearing himself away from Maribelle's embrace, "I'd like to take a moment to introduce you two to our latest member."

Anna stepped forwards, flashing her best saleswoman smile. "It's nice to meet you. My names Anna."

Maribelle's lip curled up in distaste. "Yes, the peddler woman. I remember you. You sold me a faulty stave."

Anna struggled to keep her smile. "I'm sorry, you must have met one of my sisters."

"Oh yes, your *sister*." Maribelle rolled her eyes. "I see you fashion sense is as bad as your gear. Tell me, is that a toy bear I see?"

Anna blushed, hiding the stuffed animal behind her waist. Her smile was beyond repair by now. "W-What's it to you, anyways?"

Maribelle waved her off dismissively. "At any rate," she said, turning back to Robin, "You have my thanks, Robin." With that, she left, walking towards her tent.

Robin turned to Anna, who was practically fuming. "Sorry about that. She warms up to people slowly. It took her a month to stop hating me."

"She's just grumpy," Nowi stood up and said. The small girl stuck out her hand. "I'm Nowi!" She exclaimed cheerfully.

Anna shook her hand, saying, "Er, Anna. I'm Anna."

"Nowi here is a manakete," Robin said, realizing Anna's confusion.

"Well, it was nice to meet you Nowi." Anna said. Nowi nodded, and went back to writing her letter.

They continued the tour, until Robin suddenly turned both of them away, saying, "Just keep moving, don't make eye contact."

Anna was about to ask about his sudden behavior change, but was immediately interrupted by a loud, "Robin! How nice to see you!"

Anna turned to see a raven-haired woman in a black cloak strolling towards them. Robin turned slowly, a fake smile plastered on his face. "Tharja, I didn't see you there."

"And who's this?" Tharja turned to Anna with a glare so frightening that she wanted dig a hole and bury herself in it.

"This is Anna, our newest recruit," Robin said, practically ducking behind her.

"Well then," Tharja narrowed her eyes at Anna, leaning in close to say, "Now listen here, you *charlatan*. Robin is mine, and nobody elses. If you so as put one pinky finger in my way, I will torture you so thoroughly, you will *beg* for death. Do you understand me?" Anna nodded. "Good," the dark mage said before turning to Robin once more. "Bye, bye Robin! Maybe you drop by my tent sometime? I have so many interesting things to show you." Tharja smiled, like a wolf eyeing a rabbit.

Robin started edging away rigidly. Anna followed him. The moment they were out of earshot of the dark mage, Anna burst out laughing. "Y-You should h-have seen the look on your face!" the peddler wiped tears from her eyes.

Robin drew in a shaky breath. "She watches me while I sleep." This triggered a new round of laughter from Anna.

"Great, a comedian." Robin ran his hands through his hair. "Anyways, there's still one more place I have to show you."

"This is your tent."

Anna stared around the "room" incredulously. It was luxuriously large, with everything she could have ever needed. Seriously, not even her caravan was this big! "Thank you so much!" she practically squealed.

"Don't thank me yet," Robin sighed, pulling something out of his bag. "We still have the paperwork to go through." The tactician pulled out an enormous mound of paper. Anna's jaw dropped at the very sight of it.

Anna looked at the first page. "Do you think you could help me with this?"

Robin paused at the tent flap. "Sure, but I can't guarantee that we'll be done very soon." Anna laughed.

"And... There!" Robin slumped back in his chair. "All done." He sighed. It was well after dark, and almost everyone had gone to sleep. Almost.

Robin stood up and stretched. "You've been quiet for these last few minutes-oh." Robin stopped in mid-sentence, having seen Anna, snoring away on the desk. Robin laughed quietly, placing a pillow beneath her head.

The half-asleep tactician stumbled to the tent flap, ready to retreat to the comfort of his bed for the night. He paused before leaving. "Goodnight Anna," he said quietly.

Anna snored in response.

I was tired when I wrote the end of this, so please point out any mistakes I made. Also, sorry if I was a little harsh on Maribelle. I will be nicer in later chapters. She is NOT an antagonist.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

Thank you all for reading and reviewing, I have gotten so much good advice!

"There have been increasingly large Risen outbreaks in this jungle." Robin pointed to an area on the map. The older, blue haired man nodded.

"Then that's our next location. Tell everyone that we're heading up to Laerith jungle." Before Robin could even nod, there was a rustling as Anna threw open the tent flap.

"We're going to The Laerith?!" She asked excitedly. The two men looked at each other awkwardly.

"...Yes?" Robin replied.

"This is great!" The merchant proclaimed. "I've been meaning to stop there during one of my travels, but never got around to it!"

"What's in Laerith that excites you so much?" Robin inquired.

"I'll tell you later!" Anna said, dashing out of the tent. "I've gotta pack!"

Robin and Chrom glanced at each other once more. 'Such a strange girl." The Ylissean lord said, rubbing the bridge of his nose. "At any rate," he continued, "you might as well inform the other's." Robin nodded, and made his way out of the tent.

"Anna," Robin said, covering his face with his hand, "where are we?" The merchant girl checked her map.

"If the cave is right there, then we must be, uh, no that's not right." the redhead scratched her head, obviously confused. Robin sighed, and turned Anna to face him.

"Why are we here anyways? What is so important, you had to drag us from the rest of the group?" Anna shifted from one foot to the other as Robin questioned her, then lowered her head in shame.

"Alright, alright. The real reason I wanted to come here is-" Robin shoved Anna aside before she could finish her sentence, just as a Risen Entombed swung its claws, catching Robin's forehead rather than Anna. The tactician's head hit a tree, and he slumped forward. Anna, recovering from the shock, dashed towards her fallen companion and put his arm around her shoulder.

Anna dashed towards a nearby cave, arrows hitting the ground behind her feet.

Once they had gathered some distance, Anna set Robin down against the cave wall and reached for her staff. "I'm fine," the tactician said before she could use it. Robin got to his feet.

"You okay?" Anna asked.

"I'm fine," Robin snapped, before sighing. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to snap, it's just... Anna, what's that light behind you?" The merchant whirled around to see a faint golden glow from deeper within the cave.

"Whatever it is, we should probably head towards it. The Risen shouldn't be too far behind." Robin tied a piece of cloth over the claw marks on his forehead and pulled out a magic tome, creating a small fire in his hand to light the way.

A few minutes after they had begun their trek, they found the source of light. It was a small opening in the rock, big enough for a person to crawl through, but only just. Anna crouched to peer through it, and when she saw what was there her jaw dropped. "There it is." She whispered, then began squirming through the hole.

"That might not be such a good idea-" Robin sighed, seeing Anna's foot disappear within the hole. "Why not then..." he muttered before sliding through the hole himself. He landed on a cliff face alongside Anna, who was staring before her with wonder. Robin directed his view to where she was looking, and gasped.

It was a temple of gold.

Before the pair stood an enormous temple, all of it shining with a pure gold color. Next to them were stairs carved into the stone that led to a path towards the temple. It was lined with torches, that despite the obvious age of the entire building, still shined bright. Before Robin could say anything, Anna dashed down the steps. "Anna, wait!" Robin hissed, running after her.

Soon, Anna was at the temple doors, pulling them as hard as she could. There was a loud *click*, and the doors slowly began opening. Before Anna could sprint into them, however, Robin grabbed her, clapped his hand over her mouth, and slammed his back against the wall, holding his breath. There were footsteps as a group of Risen moved through the doorway, peering around in the light they were so unaccustomed to. One came within an inch of robin and Anna, but turned away as a larger Risen barked at the smaller ones, causing them to turn back into the temple.

The doors clicked shut and Robin exhaled loudly, releasing Anna and slumping down. He turned and saw with surprise to see Anna trying to pry open the doors once more. "What are you doing?!" Robin nearly shouted.

Anna turned to Robin. "We gotta get in here! The trea- Er, I mean the Risen chief is in there."

Robin sighed. "I assume this is the Temple of Laerith, then?" Anna nodded when he said that.

"The legendary golden temple, rumored to have disappeared thousands of years ago." Anna's mouth watered in anticipation.

Robin got to his feet. "We better head in then."

Anna looked at him strangely. "But the door is so loud-" Anna looked over to see Robin holding a climbing rope.

Robin roughly grabbed the Risen's mouth, preventing it from making any noise as the tactician pulled it away from the other one and drawing a dagger against it's throat. Robin set the dissolving body down and watched Anna dispatch the other. "How many was that?" The merchant asked, striding towards Robin.

"We've taken out twenty-three." Robin tucked the dagger up his sleeve, it's usual hiding place, then crouched to the ground. "The chief is that way." he pointed in the direction the two Risen were walking. "These tracks are fresh. We're close."

Five minutes of walking later, Robin stood in front of two giant doors. "The Risen are in there. Alright Anna, here's the plan-" Robin stopped when he realized Anna was not behind him. "Anna?" The tactician began rushing around the temple, quietly calling her name and searching for his companion.

Finally, he saw a flip of color disappearing into an opening. "Anna!" he hissed, following it into the room. What he found was a cave, very out of place in the golden temple. Robin and Anna were on a ledge over a large chasm, and at the end of the ledge was a chest. Anna dashed towards it, sliding to a halt and furiously working on the lock. Robin's jaw dropped. "Anna," the merchant jumped when Robin said her name. "Is this why you wanted to come?"

"Robin! Good thing you're here. I'm gonna need some help carrying my loot!" The trickster grinned in anticipation.

Robin opened his mouth, as if he was going to say something, but ducked down suddenly, just in time to dodge a stream of energy soaring inches above his head. The Risen had found them.

The Thoron spell hit the cave ceiling, causing the cave to rumble and begin collapsing. Robin pulled out his sword. The Risen chief stood before him, a hulking behemoth dragging an axe at it's feet. At it's side was a mage and myrmydon Risen. Robin raised his blade. "Anna, we have to get out of here!" He yelled.

"Give me a moment!" Anna responded, apparently unaware that the Risen were attacking.

The chief swung its axe at Robin, who dodged and stabbed the mage Risen. The myrmydon lunged forward with it's blade, catching robins shoulder. Robin cried out as the blade slashed his flesh, and flipped the Risen off of the ledge. "Anna!"

"Almost done!" Anna replied, to engrossed in her work to look behind her.

The Risen chief attacked once more, forcing Robin to raise his blade to block it. He managed to halt the axe, but could not pull his sword away, and was forced to his knee. "Anna!"

"I got it!" the merchant shouted as she saw the lock pop off. Anna hastily opened the chest, and was greeted by the shine of gold.

Rare golden coins. Jewels with mystical properties. Even a platinum dagger bejeweled with diamonds. Anna turned to Robin with a smile which faded once she saw the tactician about to be overwhelmed.

Adrenaline took over. Anna reached for the first thing she could reach: the dagger. Without a second mind's thought, the trickster hurled the artifact at the Risen. The knife sunk into it's forehead, causing a howl of agony. The chief backed a

few steps away, giving Robin the opportunity to sink his blade into the creature's chest. Leaving the sword inside the Risen, Robin rammed the chief with his shoulder. Tormented howls followed the creature all the way to the bottom.

Anna grabbed Robins hand, and without a second look at the treasure, led the two out of the cave. The temple collapsed behind them as they dashed to the stairs. Robin propelled them up with a wind spell, and they quickly crawled through the hole. They made it out of the cave just in time, and both collapsed against a tree, huffing and puffing.

There was a moment of silence between the two, before Anna broke it by saying, "How did one spell take down the whole cave?"

Robin wheezed out a laugh, and replied, "I guess that the cave interior was unstable in the first place."

More silence. Finally Anna broke it once more with a groan. "All that treasure is gone now."

"Not all of it." Robin said, reaching into his pocket. From within it, he procured a relatively large diamond, the same one that was on the dagger. "I want you to have this. It fell off of the knife, so I grabbed it before we left." Robin placed the gem in her hand and closed her fingers around it. For a few blissful moments, all they did was hold each others hands, and that's all they wanted to do.

"You were wrong Robin, *this* is how rumors start." The two jumped as they heard Chroms voice. They quickly yanked their hands away and turned to see Chrom hurrying towards them. "Good gods you two, what *have* you been doing? You're a mess!" The lord hurried towards them, helping them to their feet and calling for the others.

Apparently, ever since they went missing everyone split up to look for them, but never ran into any Risen. Whenever anyone asked Robin where they went, he laughed and said, "I'll tell you later over a cup of tea." And whenever someone asked Anna, she simply pressed her diamond against her chest and smiled.

Hi all! Sorry for the wait, I had some busy stuff going on. Please review! More chapters will be coming soon, but also watch out for another story of mine, titled; The World's A Big place. It's basically Nowi's life and times, because that Manakete must have seen some *crazy* stuff! This doesn't mean I'm discontinuing this one though!

Chapter 4: Chapter 4

If anyone has this same problem, please tell me. I use asterix's (these: *) For transitions of time, but for some reason they don't show up. The same thing happened when I just left space between two paragraphs. If anyone can tell me how to avoid this problem, please do so. For now I'll use text to voice time transitions.

Anna sighed loudly. Clutching the piece of paper in her hands, the merchant rolled onto her stomach and stared at the picture on it lovingly.

"What's it this time?" Said an exasperated voice. Anna turned to see Robin standing in the entryway to her tent.

"Geez, do you ever leave me alone?" Anna said, hiding to paper behind her back.

"If I recall," Robin started, staring at the ceiling in mock consideration. "It was you who was snooping outside the command tent last time, was it not?" Anna blushed.

"That was- Hey!" Anna cried out as Robin snuck a look behind her back.

"Oh." He sighed. "You're still hung up over that?" In Anna's hands was a sketch of the Temple of Laerith, the famed golden city that Anna and Robin had discovered, and destroyed, last week.

"A city of gold! Gold!" Anna exclaimed, lying on her back and staring at the drawing intently. "Do you know how much money we could have gotten off of that?" Anna's eyes sparked, as if she had a sudden idea, and she quickly sat up. "Hey! Let's go back there and dig it up!"

Robin shook his head. "Out of the question. Not only would it take up all of Chrom's resources, but it would also be dangerous. There's probably still a few hundred Risen trapped in there."

Anna sighed. "But... Gold..." She muttered weakly. Robin cracked a smile.

"It seems you've run out of arguments." Robin looked around, surveying Anna's tent. "I see you've... decorated... the place." The tactician set his eyes upon a shelf of stuffed bears. Anna jumped off her bed and shooed him away from the shelf.

"Nothing to see here!" She shouted, trying to push Robin out of the tent.

"They're very charming, for the record," Robin tried to cover a smile.

"Out!" With one final shove, Anna sent Robin stumbling out of the tent.

"By the way," Robin said from outside the tent. "You're expected to crawl out of your pool of self-pity and come to the practice today." No answer. "See you then!"

About an hour later, Anna met up with the others in the middle of the camp. "Everyone meet up with your group leaders!" Chrom said, then began talking with Robin. Anna met up with Lon'Qu and the other swordsmen.

Throughout the practice, Anna did horrible. She tripped when she sprinted, dropped her sword when going over routines, and even bumped into others when practicing. Lon'Qu didn't do much about it, being too nervous to even get near her.

"What's your problem?" Robin exclaimed after practice, when everyone had left. "Back there, what was that?" Anna shrugged halfheartedly.

"Anna, please tell me this isn't about the temple." The tactician sighed in disgust. "It's just money!"

Anna stared at him, then yelled, "Don't you ever say that to me again!" Robin raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Four million, five million in just that chest alone! It would have set me up for life!"

Robin scowled. "And that's all that matters, isn't it?! All you care about is yourself!"

"That's not true!"

"Oh yeah? Prove it-" Robin was cut off by an arm grabbing him in the throat and a dagger being pushed against his throat.

"Having a little lover's spat, are we?" The hooded man behind Robin snickered.

"Oh please," Robin said, blood trickling down his throat. "Kill me if you must, but that's just cruel."

Anna's eyes flared. "Geez, even when you're in life threatening danger, you're still a jerk!"

"At least I-"

"Quiet!" The assassin exclaimed. "I have a knife against your throat, why aren't you scared?"

Robin snorted. "Please. I get assasination attempts pretty much every wednesday."

The assassin was silent for a few moments, then gave a yellow-toothed grin. "Well I certainly hope you don't think *she* can save you." The assassin gestured towards Anna. "I saw her in practice, she's no threat at all."

Robin sighed. "Yep. I'm probably going to die."

"Stop being so damn calm!" The hooded man growled.

After regaining his composure, the assassin spoke. "Now listen redhead. I've been given a large sum from my employer up front. The way I see it you have two options. One, you let me kill this idiot without trouble, and receive a large sum of money for your cooperation. Two, you call for help or cause trouble, and I'll kill him, you, and anyone who gets in my way. What's it gonna be."

Anna looked between Robin and the assassin desperately. "Robin... I just want to say..." Anna choked out a sob. "In case we don't make it out of this alive, I'm sorry for what I said. I was an idiot. You were right."

"No." Robin said. "I should have respected your beliefs. I was too close-minded."

"Friends?"

"Friends."

The assassin looked like he was going to barf. "How touching. Now, your decision please-Aieee!" The assassin screamed as Anna's dagger pierced his hand. The hooded man dropped his knife and tried to stem his bleeding.

"I see you got your groove back." Robin said as he smashed his head against the man's nose.

"No kidding!" The merchant replied as she rammed her knee in between the assassin's legs.

Chrom and a few other shepherds ran to the scene. "We heard a scream, is everything alright-" the Ylissean lord stopped when he saw the assassin curled up in a ball in agony. "Do I even want to know?"

"You sounded so sure of your demise." Anna said to Robin once the area was assassin-free.

Robin shook his head. "I knew you'd pull through."

Anna laughed. "Whatever."

They were silent for a few moments as they stared at the empty sparring field.

"Best two falls out of three?"

"You're on."

Chapter 5: Chapter 5

Really sorry for the super long wait. My computer was having a truckload of problems. But I'm back now, so... Yay?

Anna positioned the knife over the leaves and pressed the blade down. "How's this?" The merchant asked. Robin looked over at her workspace.

"Do you even know what mincing means?"

Anna sighed. "Cooking is hard."

Robin grinned. "Hey," he said. "At least you got me here with you. This tent would probably be burnt to the ground by now if I wasn't." Anna shot him a glare.

"You'll notice that I'm the one carrying a knife right now." She said threateningly. Robin backed away nervously.

"No need for violence." Robin returned to his own cutting board, where about a dozen potatoes lay unpeeled.

Anna glared in Robins direction. "You haven't even started! Who are you to patronize me?"

"Didn't you ask for my help?" Robin tried to cover a smile.

Anna scowled at him once more. "Can you just do your job?"

The two worked in silence for a few minutes, before Anna gave a cry of "Ow!"

"What's wrong?"

Anna grabbed her hand tightly. "I cut my finger."

"Here, let me see." Robin took her hand and inspected her finger.

After a few moments, Anna said, "I'm starting to think you just wanted to hold my hand."

Robin blushed and let go. "I think you'll be okay as long as you bandage it."

The merchant laughed and looked around him, checking his work. "Geez, where'd you learn to peel potatoes? You're *mangling* those things."

The tactician frowned. "It's not like you're doing any better with the seasoning."

Anna sighed. "Wanna switch jobs?"

"Agreed."

The two switched positions and both found themselves an equally challenging role.

After about fifteen minutes, it was Anna who once more broke the silence. "This is boring!"

Robin sighed. "I'm done with the spices, so I'll take over the potatoes while you boil the water. How does that sound?"

Anna made a sour face. "But you stink at peeling potatoes."

"I'm better than you." Robin taunted. Anna shoved him playfully, then went outside to start the fire.

The camp was bursting with action. Anna could hear Chrom and Vaike sparring in the distance, Tharja casting hexes in her tent, and Maribelle loudly scolding Lissa. Anna smiled. "I'm starting to think crazy is a norm here."

"I was thinking the same thing," said a voice behind her. Anna jumped, turning to see Gaius, chewing on a taffy. "Hey, Moneybags."

"Hello-" Anna stopped her greeting when she heard Gaius say her nickname. "Excuse me?"

"Moneybags. Cause you like money." Gaius explained, oblivious to the merchant's glare. "Say, you wouldn't happen to have a little money for some sweets, would you?"

Anna rolled her eyes. "You're stooping down too begging now? That's low, even for you."

"Well, you do have the biggest coin purse out of all of us." Gaius huffed.

Anna sighed. "You're a thief, aren't you?"

The thief nodded.

"So why don't you just steal something? You don't have to take much, just a little money for your weird addiction to sugar."

Gaius got a thoughtful look on his face, and Robin said from the tent; "Anna, please don't encourage thievery within our own ranks."

"Hiya, Bubbles." Anna snorted at Gaius's name for Robin. A sigh of exasperation came from the tent.

"Just don't do anything stupid." Robin said.

Anna waved goodbye to Gaius, and headed to a nearby river to get some water. Sitting beneath a tree was a man with graying hair, and a cloth hat upon his head. resting in his lap was an old fishing rod with the hook submerged in the river. He waved hello as Anna knelt down, dipping the cooking pot she held underwater.

"Are the fish biting?" Anna asked politely. The man shook his head.

"Nope, not a nibble." The man sighed. Then his eyes lit up and he pointed at Anna, who was dragging the water-filled pot out of the stream. "Say, would you like to earn some fast money?"

Anna dropped the pot immediately and replied, " I can't say, 'yes' fast enough?"

"All you have to do is make a delivery." The man gestured at a box on the ground next to him. "My lazy son was supposed to deliver it, but I guess he got lost in the local tavern."

"Who's lazy?" Anna muttered, but accepted the deal anyways.

"The address is on the box. The people there will pay you." With that, the man pulled his hat over his eyes and fell asleep.

"Record time, too." Anna murmured, as she looked at the sleeping fisherman. "Still, money is money." She giggled to herself. Lifting up the box with two hands, she headed off towards town, humming to herself.

Robin was annoyed. "She had one task," the tactician gritted his teeth, not sure if he was talking to the dark mage with him, or himself. "It should have taken at the very least, five minutes. How did she get distracted?!"

Henry shrugged. "Dunno. Maybe some monster of unspeakable horror leapt out and attacked her, then left with her broken and bloodied body. Mmm, blood." Henry smiled at the thought.

"Henry, there's no blood on the ground."

"Wishful thinking then."

"Can't you just cast a hex to find out where she is?" Robin stamped his foot impatiently.

Henry shook his head. "Do you have half a pound of bat guano?"

"Okay, okay. Do we have any way of knowing where she is?"

Henry paused for a moment, as if he was listening to someone who wasn't there. "The trees say she went that way," the dark mage pointed east.

Robin looked at him with a blank look, then shook his head. "Sure, whatever. It's the only lead we have." Henry laughed, and they set off to where Anna had supposedly ran off to.

"Again, thank you for your help." The shopkeep said once more.

"No problem, it's all in business." Anna smiled. Supply and demand was something she understood. She had her payment and needed to get back to camp. Until she saw a familiar head of orange hair, that is.

"Hiya, Gaius!" Anna slapped the thief on the back, causing him to jolt upright.

"Oh, it's just you," Gaius said breathlessly. "Do you think you could give me a boost?"

"Why?" Anna asked, before coming to realization. "You weren't thinking of robbing this place, were you?"

Gaius looked confused. "Didn't you give me that advice earlier?"

"Well, yes, but-" Anna's eyes widened. "Duck!" She yelled as she pulled Gaius down. An axe blade whistled just above his head, slicing off a few orange hairs. Somehow, a group of risen had materialized from shadow, or whatever it is they do, in the darkness of the alley. *Robin would know,* Anna thought. The merchant reached for her sword- then realized it wasn't there. Groaning, she remembered that it was back at her tent. *Great,* She thought. M*aybe I can kill them by throwing stuffed bears at them.*

"Do you have a weapon?" Anna asked as they backed away from the mob nervously.

"I brought a dagger, but I doubt it'll do much good in this fight." Gaius was indeed holding a blade, but it was obvious he would never get close enough to use it. The first risen, a warrior, roared, and attacked again. Anna ducked as the dull blade clashed against the wall, sending a shower of sparks over her. She had managed to dodge the blow, but had fallen back, and Gaius was too far off to help.

The risen raised its weapon one last time... And doubled over, roaring in pain. It threw it's head back and screamed, and Anna saw a large lump moving around in its torso, which wriggled around before bursting out, a dozen or so snakes slithering out of the risen's dissolving corpse.

"Well, that was a neat curse!" A familiarly cheery voice laughed from behind her. Anna turned to see Henry, grinning his face off, and Robin, who was brandishing a killing edge.

"Move!" Robin yelled, looking furious. Anna complied, as the tactician leaped towards the swarm of risen and brought his blade down on it's head. The risen, a myrmidon, writhed in pain and collapsed.

Gaius was already running away, while Anna just stood, dumbfounded. Then, she snapped to her senses, grabbed the fallen risen's sword, and joined the fight.

"You're going to have to have a great excuse when we get back." Robin yelled as he twisted his grip on his sword, impaling a risen's head. Anna laughed.

"Is the big bad strategist going to yell at me?" She giggled. Despite the dire circumstances, Anna was having the time of her life. She knew it was silly, but fighting side by side with Robin was better than than a thrill ride at the moment.

"Not me," Robin said as he beheaded the last risen. "Chrom was the one who said he was going to do that." Anna went pale.

"You okay?"

Anna raised her head from her pillow as Robin entered her tent.

"Mortified." She replied. "He said he was going to kick me out of the Shepherds if I pulled another stunt like that."

Robin was quiet for a moment, before replying, "I'm glad he didn't."

Anna was genuinely surprised. "I kinda thought you wanted me to get kicked out. It seems like you're always mad at me." Anna knew the words weren't true as they left her lips.

Robin shook his head. "Frustrated, yes, but angry? No. To be truthful, your unpredictableness is rather..." He searched for the right word. "Charming." He decided on.

And with that, he left.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO END FANFICS YAAAAAY